

1812 6
THE

ROYAL PROGRESS

TO

MAIDSTONE;

BY

Jan Ploughshare,

OF

DEVONSHIRE.



ROCHESTER:

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THE
KENTISH REVIEW, &c.

JAN PLOUSHARE, once of Devonshire,
Was toir'd of ztaying zo long there,
Among the volks o'the west,—
Therefore a zaid a'd tak a walk,
To Lunnon Zity, vor to talk,
Wi'the wize men o'the East.

Jan having zeen the wond'rous zoights !
In Lunnon, both by days and noights,
Zurprizing to be hurd ;
A thoft of going home again,
But ztayed to zee the virst of men,
The great King George the third.

And hearing Maister King were bent, *
 To tak a journey down in Kent,
 To veiwe the vollunteers :
 Jan zaid a would go down along,
 And mix among the moighty throng,
 To veiwe mun and his peers.

Zo he zet out vor Maidztun town,
 Where they zell hops vor beer that's
 And gin distill—quoite blue : [brown
 Great preperations there were making,
 Which put the natives in zuch taking,
 They did na what to doo.

And here a hurd one parzun C—le,
 Was puzzling of his heavy jowl,
 Vor gratulating varse ;
 And thof they zay a is well red,
 And power of stuff we'in his yed,
 A could na dood it worse.

* Maister King.—Tim. Serwen, of Weymouth, who made the Duke of G——shoot the dead hare, and catch two stale mackrel for live-ones ! us'd to honor M——y with this distinction,

This put Jan upon his mettle,
 Vor C—'s varse would not we un-zettle,
 It wanna worth the reading ;
 Zo Jan zat down and vrote as vollow,
 Which glibly Kentish people zwallow,
 A zoign they ha zum breading.

The noight 'vore Maister King com'd in,
 There was a plaguy noize and din,
 To put the volks to bed,
 Zum had no zheets—no noight-caps zum,
 Zum zupperless, we belly's grum—
 And zum had got no maid. *

Vor many moiles did people ride,
 On hosback, with their legs astride,
 To zee this charming zoight :
 And many volk in Maidztun town,
 A thinking on Kings' coming down,
 Could ne'er zleep all the noight.

* A most uncommon thing.

Scarze had the morning zhewn his face,
 But there began a pratty race,
 All vlocking to the moat;
 Little thinking that hard showers,
 Would come in course of two dree hours,
 To zet mun all a float.

L. R——y at the twinpike gate,
 Vor Maister King did zum toime waite,
 Which put mun in a vlutter;
 But Maister King at River-head,
 With Maister Camden eat his bread,
 Likewise his tea and butter.

The prince of W—s did likewise cum,
 With dukes and lords and gen'ral's zum,
 Unto the gate alzo;
 L. R——y then a did cut capers,
 And gave unto the prince the papers,
 About his raree zhew.

L. R——y's zon did thereby stond,
 Having his hat all in his hond,
 Looking quite bold and clever ;
 A halbert he zhould ha in's hond,
 And in the gate-way take his stond,
 As zuch a lashing sheaver. *

Now past eleven a'Clock was gone,
 And towards twelve the roasting zun,
 Had ta'an his merry course,—
 When prince of W—— did now declare,
 A would na there no longer ztare ;
 And toize unsel nor hoss.

Zo he zet off unto the moat,
 To put zum breakfast down his throat,
 Which a did zay was wanting :
 Not long had he been gone away,
 The K——! the K——! zum volks did zay,
 Which zav'd R—— vrom vainting.

* Of uncommon size.

Now all begroim'd ve zweet and dust,
 The colour of an eel-pye croust,
 Came vootmen to the King;
 Vlogging their hosses like the devil,
 As if their hoydes had the French evil,*
 Making the road to ring.

Then up the King in coach did roide,
 Having the Queen there by his zoide,
 Looking zo vine and grand;—
 And in another coach behoind, †
 Came beauty's of superior koind,
 Which grace this hoppy land.

Now Maister King did mount his charger,
 Which made un look a deal the larger,
 When strait a did zet on;
 Then crouds and dust did vill the road,
 And ev'ry mon his hoss did goad,
 Roight unto Maidztun town.

* La Republique Francois es't une mal—to zum volk.

† The pratty Princesses, God bless mun.

Where when the King a did come in,
 A smelt at once the Maidztun gin,
 Which made un snuff about ;—
 O ! ho ! zays he, hea, hea, what what !
 Boil gin, gin, gin, in pot, pot, pot !
 To stuff my snout, snout, snout ?

Then Maister King o'er bridge did pass,
 Under a gallows, green as grass, *
 Wi cherrys zet in middle ;
 But what was vunny I declare,
 And pleas'd mun all unto a hair,
 A bloind maid play'd the viddle.

Zo Maister King up th' street did hoy,
 While people zhouted to the skoy,
 Zum run'd as if quoit mad ;—
 And Queen in coach did nod and smoile,
 Upon the ladies, most o'the whoile,
 Which made mun zeem quoit glad.

B

* The Arch built by Mr. Randal, was in the shape of a gallows—and compos'd of greens and cherries.

Down Stoney-street with many tumbling,
The natives press'd each other jumbling,
All troing vor a zoight :
Here Maister Grains the brewer's arch,
Ztood roight in middle of King's march,
To put mun in a vroight.

A top a this there was a crown,
All painted green, and red, and brown,
King's yed of in the middle ;
Prince Charles and Russian Sow-a-row,
Did on each zoide their vaces show,
Which zeem'd to all a riddle.

That we should owe our zafety here,
To German pig—or Russian bear,
It zurely zims quoite odd :
Of Vincent, Howe, or Hood, no look,
No Warren, Nelson, or great Cook,
'Twas very ztrange, by G—d.

If I the brewing mon had been,
 You'd zeen a zoight was worth the zeen,
 A zoight my name should prop;
 I'd built my arch all o'er of cask,
 And there I'd zat each hond a flask.
 Looking quoite drunk a-top.

Now thronging dro the town together,
 The natives zim'd afraid o'the weather,
 And upwards look'd with grin;
 Vor clouds did look a dingy black,
 As much az t'say you vools go back,
 Or else I'll zouse your zkin.

And zo good fath com'd rain a toide,
 Which zoon did zoak the royal hoide,
 But only made mun boalder:—
 A'lack L. R——y's powder'd yed,
 Look'd like a calliflour haf dead,
 And vlop'd about each zoulder.

Now underneath the bows of trees,
 The ladies run'd and shaw'd their knees,
 All vlocking cloze vor zhelter;
 And baus did zkip about like hares,
 Shaking their empty heads and ears,
 While rain play'd helter zkelter.

Behold the King and cavalcade,
 End'ring the park in grand parade,
 'Vore fifty thousand volk;
 The Ladies now lift coats up higher,
 And run'd to get a deal the nigher,
 That noses they might poke.

Old Q. old Q. hadz't thou been there !
 'Twould zuted thee unto a hair,
 To've zeen their pratty legs ;
 But as vor George, a had na moind,
 And zim'd as if a were quoite bloind,
 They ne'er plag'd him, e-fegs !

Now cannun guns began to roar,
While rain in larger drops did pour,
 Old Noah's vlood again:
And here in moind 'tis worth presarving,
To zee the troops in rank obsarving,
 Ztand bluff the foire of rain.

An vull an hour in rain was spent,
Untill it zquirted all its vent,
 And lac'd each ladies coat:
Zo at the last, zun's vace did shew,
Wishing to zee the grand reveiw,
 And shoin'd upon the moat.

That great commander Zir Charles Grey,
Had shewn the sogers how that they,
 Zhould ztond afore the King;
Many did think L. R——y's yed,
Had plan'd reveiw, and zo 'twas zaid,
 But Jan zays no zuch thing,

'Twas R——y plan'd the dinner's ztyle,
 And took good care vor many a moile,
 The ducks and vowls zhould cum;
 But as vor taking the command,
 A wou'd not doo't vor all the land,
 No, not vor kingdom cum.

While fives and drumpets, toot-a-too,
 The sogers ztood and quoite wet drow,
 And King did look mun over;
 The Kentish men—and men of Kent,
 Vrom ev'ry part of county zent,—
 Vrom Bermondzy to Dover,

Now many of the cavalray,
 Did run to hoss without delay,
 Panting with loss of breath;
 Vor while the King a had been ztaying,
 They had been courzing, killing, zlaying,
 Putting young hares to death.

How great and noble must it be,
 To chop of yed of those that vlee,
 When hoss we zit upon:—
 And zo they kill'd as I did zay,
 To make quoite zure of bloody day,
 The tame hares with cut-one.

Well round the troops the King did go,
 While hossman's trumpets they did blow,
 Just loike a postmen's horn:
 Zuch muzic did the King endure,
 And zaid the loike ne'er he was zure,
 A'd heard zince a was born.

Good fath then Jan had just vorgot,
 To zpeak of how, and where, and what,
 Of Princesses and Queen;
 Zuch condescencion, and zuch graces,
 With zmoiling looks and pratty faces,
 The loike was niver zeen.

Vor there Jan ztood and zee'd mun all,
Bowin' alike to great and zmall,

As they were in a tent:

L. R——y's youngest daughter too,
Jan did with heart velt pleasure vei'w,
That zweet *red* rose of Kent.

Zetting azide all dread and veer,
Jan crept clozer—and ztill more' near,
To take the other peep;
And zo a zee'd as zure as zin,
What made round tent good many grin,
The Statholder azleep.

Zoon Maister King had zeen each troop,
And vei'w'd mun o'er—both head & poep,
How they did zail in trim;
When coming close unto the tent,
A zaid it was hiz farm intent,
To zee mun pass by him.

Zo drums did beat and fives did play,
And to each corps did lead the way,

Exact in order marching:
Pity no one could here revuse,
'Case of the rain which moight excuse,
The loss of all there ztarching.

Then Maister King zay'd well it waz,
Each mon did look as bold as braz,

Not Cerberus more grim:
Great L——y's spectacles gave grace,
To his grand noze upon hiz face—
That nose zo long and zlim.

But T———n, Jan zays eaze was thoine,
And knave of clubs was ne'er zo voine,

G'd bless the rare projector;
Methoft the moment thou pass'd by,
Sir John Falstaff did meet mine eye,
Or elze zom French Director.

Zo all the vootmen having pass'd,
The hossmen they com'd up at last,
Again their horns a-blowing:—
The cows about L. R—y's meads,
Did hereby ztart and cock their heads,
And vor their calves 'gan lowing,

Now bringing up the rear of all,
Jan zhall to better matter vall,
And bring mun to the battle;
Where neither live nor limb waz lost,
Where zquibs did viz—from either host,
Which vroighted gentry's cattle.

And now, on each zide of a pond,
Virm in their ranks the sogers stond,
About a moile azunder;
Then hills did tell the tale about,
One to 'tother—clout vor clout,
Which zet the ducks in wonder.

This was L. R——y's part of zoight,
And call'd by un a grand cham foight,
By him alone desoign'd;
Then zum shut east—and zum shut west,
And zum shut worst—and zum shut best,
While zum did shut behoind !!

Many about the park did zay,
They loik'd this desperate afvray,
In zhort it was admoir'd;
While sogers scratch'd their head in pet,
Wishing to G'd! that they would let,
The thirteenth gun be voir'd. *

L. R——y's new house on the hill,
Did Moister King with wonder vill,
Who wish'd vor nigher zoight—
Zo unto R——y a did zay,
“Hea whose that house, hea, hea, hea, hea?
That houze that's whoite, whoite, whoite”

* Signal vor Dinner.

Then R——y low did bow his yed,
 And unto Maister King a zaid,
 Troing to speak quoitte voine !
 “ An please your gracious majezty,
 That new whoite house belongs to I !
 Zo people call it moine, ”

Now R——y thoft a'd zaid a joke,
 The virst that ever he had zpoke,
 Vor Maister King did smoile—
 An a did zay, “ towards that new-house,
 Which I did think at virst a brewhouse,
 Wee'l make our hosses toil, ”

Zo over bridge cross pond they rode,
 Whoile King curb'd hoss o'er which a
 An made un dance and caper; [strode,
 Then R——y's hoss did raize his crest,
 And thoft az he was second best,
 That a moight strut and vapour.

And having veiw'd the house about,
Back to the troops they did zet out,
 To voire the veiw-de-joy ;
Which being o'er each man did hollo !
Op'ning vrom north to zouth his zwallow,
 Which made a roaring cry.

Now thirteenth gun did give a puff,
Which made the sogers glad enough,
 They all zim'd pleas'd, I tell ye !
Zo they zet out at once to doine,
To stuff with beef, and beer, and woine,
 Vull many a wrinkled belly.

And, Maister King a did think vit,
To zee mun all to dinner zit,
 Talking to knowing Billy !
Who thoft it would be zin and shame,
If mon had not with Maister came,
 Bezoide a moight be zilly.

Now forth com'd aldermen and mayor,
Like yoked oxen, pair-by-pair,
With many of the corum:
To Maister King, when the recorder,
Began his zpeech in great disorder,
As he did stond before um,

The May'r, avore a went—did zhut,
Dree points of coyder down his gut,
Which made his belly ake;
The Aldermen did do the zame,
Vor which volks zaid they were to blame,
As't made mun vert and zhake.

That noble knight—Sir W. B——pp,
Zo vine his zunday wig did dish-up,
Which a did wear on nob;
A made the aldermen to ztare,
Indeed a vroighten'd Stone the May'r,
Who thoft un tippy bob.

With pound of hair—and pound of vat,
 A could not wear his scanty hat,
 Which zim'd at once to zay,—
 I who've my head so large and whoite,
 Am he who once you made a Knoight,
 When last you pass'd this way.

Then they did ofver zweet petition,
 Which King receiv'd in zweet condition,
 Grinning about vist honding;
 And Zherriff a did make a Knoight,
 Who kneel'd not being in one leg'd ploight,
 A therevore took it standing.

His bib and apron R——y put on,
 To carry to the King his mutton,
 Likewioze his beef and vish:
 His zun did make a ztrapping waiter,
 And daughters too each pratty creature,
 Did hond about clean dish.

Zo now with hungry nive and vork,
 Maister and Mistress King did work,
 And vollunteers alzo;
 The Statholder likewise did put,
 Good ztore of vic'tels in hiz gut,
 L'd how his jaws did go.

The Prince of Wales a did not ztay,
 Therevore a took unsel away,
 Leaving none zick nor zorry:
 Tho' people took it in their yed,
 Bevore a went—a moight have zed,
 I don't care dree pins vor ye.

The Dukes of Cumberland and York,
 Did likewise play a nive and vork,
 Along with Maister King:
 G'd bless their wize and manly graces,
 Of them and zisters pratty vaces,
 Jan ever loikes to zing.

Now Maister King's good health was giv'n,
Which they might hear quoite plain in hea-

All zet up zuch a roar;— [v'n,
In justice to each Kentish yed,
They made a noise would wake the dead,
The loike was ne'er bevore.

The Queen's health too; with dree times
And all the tribe of Majezty, [dree,

With R——y's too was gave;
Then sogers zung'd tho' out of toime,
God zave the King, to diff'rent roime,
None zung alike one stave.

The Statholder as Jan's a zinner,
Did drink as much az zat at dinner,

Ne'er vlinching yrom his bottle;
Zo as the droops ne'er drank his health,
A zore that he would do't un selv,
Zo pour'd it down his throttle.

But tilting chair a crum too much,
 He zhew'd his bottom was true Dutch,
 His legs vlew up in air,—
 To zee mun sprawling on his back,
 The zogers laugh'd 'till zoides did crack,
 Which royal volks did share.

Zo dinner being now quoite done,
 The droops march'd of to take up gun,
 And cavalry to roide ;
 While Majezty did now approach,
 There ever—willing—waiting coach,
 Where they zat zoide by zoide.

But Maister King avore a went,
 To R——y zaid 'twaz iz intent,
 In him at other toime—
 His int'rest as a did promote,
 Again a'd come unto the moat,—
 When Jan once more shall roime.

Zo now reveiw being o'er at last,
 The clouds look'd black and rain com'd
 Which made the volks to run; [vast,
 While sogers march'd all dro the dirt,
 And ev'ry mon had got wet zhirt,
 To end as he begun.

G'd bless the King and all his ways,
 Vor him and country, Jan now prays,
 May a vor ever reign:—
 His Adm'ral's, Sogers, and the loike,
 May they with terror always stroike,
 The Vrench, the Dutch, and Zpain.

And R——y too, be not forgot,
 Because vor volks he boil'd the pot,
 And gaily turn'd the spit;—
 With him let Maidztun natives be,
 Renown'd to all posterity—
 Renown'd like Maidztun wit.

Zo here concludes Jan Ploushare's fare,
 No doubt 'twill make the natives stare,
 And certain please zum volk—
 But zurely it is not amiss—
 To tell the world....that by all this,
 Is only meant a joke.

Errata. Page 4, Serwen r Scriven. p.5, line 13, ride r roide.
 ditto, l. 15; astride r astroide. p. 8 La Republique Francois
 es't une mal r La République François est un mal.

6 AT 58

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